4

Miscellaneous Tracts

TEMP. ELIZ. & JAC. I.

£8-00

NC

INTRODUCTION.

As there are but two known copies of this collection of Epigrams and Satires, and as, besides other merits, they very interestingly and cleverly illustrate manners and opinions at the conclusion of the reign of Elizabeth, we have chosen it for reproduction exactly in its original shape. When the late Mr. Utterson reprinted it at his Beldornie Press in 1843, he relied too much upon the transcribers and printers he employed, and the consequence was the introduction of about twice as many errors as pages in the sixteen copies to which his impression was limited.

When the writer of the present notice prepared the "Bridgewater Catalogue" in 1837, he was not aware who was the author of "Skialetheia," and all preceding critics had spoken of it as an anonymous publication. It had been so treated by Lowndes in his "Bibliographical Manual" of 1834, nor could he be blamed for his ignorance of the fact; but the editor of the new edition of that work in 1863 ought to have been better informed, and we are glad to see that the mistake has not since been repeated. The claim of Edward Guilpin cannot be disputed, because, as we pointed out more than twenty years ago, long passages in "Skialetheia" are assigned to him in "England's Parnassus," 1600.

Of Guilpin nothing is known, and no other volume from his pen has been brought to light; but three specimens of his commendatory poems have been pointed out, before Kendal's "Epi-

grams" in 1577, before Markham's "Devereux" in 1597, and before Baret's "Alvearie" in 1580 (Hazlitt's "Hand-book," page 247); but we doubt the correctness of the last ascription, inasmuch as we find it in no copy of the work we have had an opportunity of examining, though they may differ in this respect. We may observe by the way that nobody has given the learned Abraham Fleming credit for the vast labour he bestowed upon the impression of the "Alvearie" in 1580, after the death of the original compiler, who printed his first edition (which we have never met with) in 1577.

Guilpin has many severe and characteristic epigrams in his "Skialetheia" addressed to contemporary writers, but generally under Latin names: thus Marston is ridiculed as Fuscus; but near the end of the Satires some amends are made to him as the author of "the double-volumed Satyre," while high and unqualified praise is bestowed upon other poets, such as Spenser (not then dead), Daniel, Markham, and Drayton. These receive their English names, and to the latter is applied the epithet of "golden-mouthed," given to him in 1596 by Fitzgeoffrey in his poem on Sir Francis Drake (st. 26), and repeated by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (fo. 281), published in the same year as the work now in the hands of the reader.

J. P. C.

SKIALETHEIA.

OR,

A shadowe of Truth in certaine Epigrams and Satyres.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Nicholas Ling, and are to bee ſolde at the little Weſt doore of Poules. 1598.

To the Reader.

Inſteede of ingling termes for thy good will,
Reader, fall to, reade, jeſt, and carpe thy fill.

EPIGRAMS.

Proœmium. 1.

AS in the greateſt of ſocieties
The firſt beginners, like good natur'd ſoules,
Beare with their neighbors poore infirmities,
But after, when ambition controules
Theyr calme proceedings, they imperiouſly
(As great things ſtill orewhelme themſelves with weight)
Envy their countrimens proſperity,
And in contempt of poorer fates delight;
So Englands wits (now mounted the full height)
Having confounded monſtrous barbariſmes,
Puft up by conqueſt, with ſelfe-wounding ſpight,
Engrave themſelves in civill warres abiſmes,
Seeking by all meanes to deſtroy each other,
The unhappy children of ſo deere a mother.

To the Reader. 2.

Whoſe hap ſhall be to reade theſe pedler rimes,
Let them expect no elaborat foolery,

Such as hermaphroditize theſe times
With wicked ſeald jeſts, extreame gullerie:
Bunglers ſtande long in tinck'ring their trim ſay;
Ile onely ſpit my venome, and away.

Of Titus. 3.

Titus oft vaunts his gentry every where,
Blazoning his coate, deriving 's pedegree:
What needeſt thou daily, Titus, jade mine eare?
I will beleeve thy houſes aunceſtry.
If that be auncient which we doe forget,
Thy gentry is ſo: none can remember it.

To Livia. 4.

Livia, I con thee thanke, when thou doſt kiſſe,
Thou turn'ſt thy cheeke: ſee what good nature is!
For well thou knowſt thy breaths infection
Able to turne my ſtomack upſide down,
Which when I thinke on, but for manners ſake,
I'ld pray thee thy cheeke too away to take.

To Matho. 5.

Matho, in credite bound to pay a debt
His worde engagde him for, doth ſtill replie,
That he will aunſwere it with ſopheſtrie,
And ſo deferres daily to aunſwere it.
Experience now hath taught me ſophiſtrie:
He gave me his word; that is, he couſſend me.

Of Faber. 6.

Since marriage Faber's prouder then before:
Yfaith, his wife muſt take him a hole lower.

Of a railing humour. 7.

(Good Lord!) that men ſhould have ſuch kennel wits
To thinke ſo well of a ſcald railing vaine,
Which ſoon is vented in beſlavered writs,
As when the cholicke in the gutts doth ſtraine,
With civill conflicts in the ſame embrac't,
But let a fart, and then the worſt is paſt.

To Deloney. 8.

Like to the fatall ominous raven, which tolls
The ſicke mans dirge within his hollow beake
So every paper-clothed poſt in Poules
To thee (Deloney) mourningly doth ſpeake,
And tells thee of thy hempen Tragedie.
The wracks of hungry Tyburne naught to thine,
Such maſſacre 's made of thy balladry,
And thou in grief for woe thereof maiſt pine.
At every ſtreets end Fuſcus rimes are read,
And thine in ſilence muſt be buried.

Of Paule. 9.

Paule daily wrongs me, yet he daily ſweares
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoule.
I know his drift, to damne that he naught cares
To pleaſe his body: therefore (good friend Paule)
If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,
Heereafter love me in thy bodies place.

Of Sylvio. 10.

Sylvio, the lawyer, hunting for the fame
Of a wiſe man, ſtudies philoſophie,

And odly in his ſingularitie,
From being odde thinks wiſdome hath her name.
So long hath he turnde over Scaliger,
Old Cardan, and the other chimick wits
Which have to after-times demiſde their writs,
That a fift element he doth averre.
Deſerves not he to make the wiſe men even,
Who odly thus makes odd the *Nerues* of heaven?

To Gue. 11.

Gue, hang thy ſelfe for woe, ſince gentlemen
Are now growne cunning in thy apiſhnes;
Nay, for they labour with their fooliſhnes
Thee to undoe, procure to hang them then:
It is a ſtrange ſeeld ſeene uncharitie
To make fooles of themſelves to hinder thee.

Of Cotta. 12.

Behold a wonder never ſeene before!
Yonder's Cottas picture, dauncing trenchmore.

Of the ſame. 13.

I ſaw not Cotta thys halfe yeere before,
When he was angry that I ſpoke not to him:
He hath no reaſon to take it ſo ſore,
Being ſo painted that I did not know him.

To Licus. 14.

Licus, thou often tell'ſt me jeſtingly
I am a fine man; and ſo tyrannouſly
Haſt now tired that phraſe, that every one

Is a fine man in thine opinion.
In thine opinion? no, it's but thy word,
Which doth that fine addition affoord:
And yet I ſee no cauſe but many may
Be even as fine as Licus every way;
In dauncing, vaulting, and in riming too,
In theyr conceits they are as good as you.
Then, wherein is 't that you ſo farre ſurpaſſe
Other plaine jades, like Lucius golden aſſe?
I heare thee ſay, the fouleſt day that is
Thou art ſhodde in velvet and in Naples biſſe:
Nay then I yeeld, for who will ſtrive in it
May have fine clothes, but a moſt filthy wit.

Of Zeno. 15.

Zeno, deſirous of the idle fame
Of ſtoicke reſolution, reckleſly
Seemes to eſteeme of good report or blame,
So proving himſelf dull moſt fooliſhly.
To every thing he heares, he ſaith he cares not:
He cares not for his booke, nor yet for wit;
For pleaſant catch-fooles in like ſort he ſpares not.
To ſweare hee 's careleſſe, careleſſe to forget
Or thinke upon his dutie, ſoules comfort;
Careleſſe to thrive, or live in decencie,
Careleſſe of vertuous and a good conſort,
Careleſſe of wiſedome, and of honeſtie:
To all this careleſnes ſhould one declare
His fathers death, I am ſure he would not care.

Of Rivus. 16.

Once Rivus ſaw a pretty laſſe
And liquorous tooth'd deſir'd to taſt,
But knowing not how to bring 't to paſſe,
He vow'd to hange himſelfe in haſt:
I feard him not; the wench was gone,
And he was loth to hang alone.

Of Clodius. 17.

Clodius oft ſayth he hath chaleng'd beene by many,
But never tells me he hath anſwered any.

Of Curio. 18

Curio threats my death in an Epigrame:
Y fayth, hee 'le eate his word: he is too blame;
And yet I think hee 'le write; then, ware of bleeding.
Nay, feare not; he writes nothing worth the reading.

Of Fauſtus. 19.

Fauſtus in ſteede of grace ſaith Fuſcus rimes:
Oh graceleſſe manners! Oh unhallowed times!

To Candidus. 20.

Friend Candidus, thou often dooſt demaund
What humours men by gulling underſtand?
Our Engliſh Martiall hath, full pleaſantly
In his cloſe nips, deſcribde a gull to thee.
I'le follow him, and ſet downe my conceit
What a gull is: oh, word of much receit!
He is a gull whoſe indiſcretion

Cracks his purſe ſtrings to be in faſhion:
He is a gull who is long in taking roote
In barraine ſoyle, where can be but ſmall fruite:
He is a gull who runnes himſelfe in debt
For twelve dayes wonder, hoping ſo to get:
He is a gull whoſe conſcience is a block
Not to take intereſt, but waſtes his ſtock:
He is a gull who cannot haue a whore,
But brags how much he ſpends upon her ſcore:
He is a gull that for commoditie
Payes ten times ten, and ſells the ſame for three:
He is a gull who, paſſing finicall,
Peiſeth each word to be rhetoricall;
And, to conclude, who, ſelfe conceitedly,
Thinkes al men gulls: ther's none more gull then he.

Of Procus. 21.

Procus, inſteede of more fitting diſcourſe
To entertaine his miſtris eares withall,
Tells her a long tale of a roſted horſe,
Of a great brabble did to him befall:
When ſhe demaunds the occaſion of the braule,
He in a gallant bravery, gull-like, ſwore
The reaſon that he foorth with him did fall
Was, for the other grutcht him of his whore.
(Ye who doe love your loves better conceit)
Judge if this gull deſerved his miſtris favour,
Who thus his goatiſh humours did relate,
Or what paine wiſh you for this rude behaviour?
Whomſo'ere he marries may ſhe a whore prove,
For this ſpeech ſhewes that he a whore doth love.

To Clodius. 22.

I prethee, Clodius, tell me whats the reaſon
Thou dooſt expect I ſhould ſalute thee firſt?
I have ſized in Cambridge, and my friends a ſeaſon
Some exhibition for me there disburſt:
Since that, I have beene in Goad his weekly role,
And beene acquaint with *Mounſieur Littleton:*
I have walkt in Poules, and duly din'd at noone,
And ſometimes viſited the dauncing ſchoole.
Then, how art thou my better, that I ſhould
Speake alwaies firſt, as I incroch faine would?
But in a whore-houſe thou canſt ſwagger too.
Clodius, good day: tis more then I can doo.

To Sextilius. 23.

Sextilius ſigh'd, for Leuca let a fart:
Had not the youth a mervailous kind hart?

Of Fuſcus. 24.

When Fuſcus firſt had taught his muſe to ſcold,
He gloried in her rugged vaine ſo much
That every one came to him heare her ſhould:
Firſt Victor, then Cinna, nor did he grutch
To let both players and artificers
Deale with his darling; as if confident
None of all theſe he did repute for lechers,
Or thought her face would all ſuch luſts prevent:
But how can he a bawdes ſurname refuſe,
Who to all ſorts thus proſtitutes his Muſe?

Of Gnatho. 25.

My lord, moſt court-like, lyes in bed till noone,
Then, all high-ſtomackt, riſeth to his dinner,
Falls ſtraight to dice before his meate be downe,
Or to digest walks to ſome femall ſinner.
Perhaps ſore-tyrde he gets him to a play,
Comes home to ſupper, and then falls to dice:
There his devotion wakes till it be day,
And ſo to bed, where untill noone he lies.
This is a lords life, ſimple folke will ſing:
A lords life! what, to trot ſo foule a ring?
Yet thus he lives; and what's the greateſt griefe,
Gnatho ſtill ſweares he leads true vertues life.

To Pollio. 26.

Th' art a fine fellow, truſt me, Pollio,
And every one reputes thee ſo to be,
Both for thy ingles face, and goodly ſhow
Of thyne apparraile and thy naperie:
Then for thou pertly knowes to wagge the head,
Like ſome old palſey-ſtrucken uſurer,
Chiefely for that this Chriſtmas thou haſt led
An unthrifts life (gramercy creditor)
But for this laſt thou muſt be faine to goe
Into the country for a yeere or two.

Of the ſame. 27.

Pollio at length's fallne in my good conceit,
Not for his wanton face and curled haire,
Nor his fat buttocke, nor that I delight
In his French galliard, which is nothing rare;

Nor for that others thinke him to be ſo
(For others credits cannot better me)
But for he thinks himſelfe a fine fellow,
For his owne ſtate who better knowes then hee?

Of Zeno. 28.

Zeno would faine th' old widdow Æagle have:
Truſt me, hee 's wife, for ſhee is rich and brave.
But Zeno, Zeno, ſhee will none of you:
In my mind ſhee 's the wiſer of the two.

Of Arion. 29.

Arions thoughts are growne ſo muſicall
That all his talke's of crotchets and of quavers:
His very words to ſembriefe time doe fall,
And blowing of his noſe of muſicke ſavours.
Hee'le tell you of well fretting of a lute,
Even til you fret; and of the harmonie
Is either in a ſtill cornet or flute;
Of reſts and ſtops, and ſuch like trumperie:
Yet loves he more, for all ſweet muſick ſence,
His miſtris belly then theſe inſtruments.

Of Chryſozonus. 30.

Chryſozonus each morning by his glaſſe
Teacheth a wrinkeled action to his face,
And with the ſame he runnes into the ſtreet
Each one to put in feare that he doth meet.
I prythee tell me (gentle Chryſozone)
What needs a borrowed bad face to thine owne?

Of Torques. 31.

Torques, a knight, and of indifferent living,
Is neyther free of houſe-keeping, nor giving,
Yet ſtands he in the *Debet* booke uncroſt:
Wonder not, man; he keepes a whore to his coſt.

Of Lais. 32.

Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note,
Whoſe burthen is, pinch not my petticoate:
Not that ſhe fears cloſe nips, for, by the rood,
A privy pleaſing nip will cheare her blood;
But ſhe which longs to taſt of pleaſures cup
In nipping would her petticoate weare up.

Of Fidens. 33.

Fidens inſtructs young gentlemen to play:
Who teach his wife they get true fingering;
But ſhe learnes to play falſe: no mervaile; they
Of a maiſter, ſhe of ſchollers got her learning.

Of Orpheus. 34.

Orpheus had wed a young luſty wife,
And all day long upon his lute doth play.
Doth not this fellow lead a merry life,
Who playes continually, both night and day?

Of Cotta. 35.

I wonder (Cotta) paynters art can like thee,
Who drew thy picture, being nothing like thee.

Of Metius. 36.

Metius of late hath greatly coſend me:
I tooke him for an earneſt Catholike,
He talk'd ſo much of almes and charitie;
But I was mightily deceav'd belike.
He praiſeth charity and almes, becauſe
He was made barriſter for almes, not lawes.

Of the ſame. 37.

With what conſcience can Metius ſell law deare,
When of meere almes he was made barriſter?

To Licus. 38.

Licus, thou art deceav'd in ſaying that
I'me a fine man: thou ſaiſt thou knowſt not what.
He's a fine fellow who is neate and fine,
Whoſe locks are kem'd, and never a tangled twine;
Who ſmels of muſk, civet, and pomander,
Who ſpends and out-ſpends many a pound a yeare;
Who piertly jets, can caper, daunce and ſing,
Play with his miſtris fingers, her hand wring;
Who companying with wenches nere is ſtill,
But either ſkips or mowes, or prates his fill;
Who is at every play, and every night
Sups with his ingles, who can well recite
Whatſoever rimes are gracious. (Licus) leave,
Injure not my content, then, to bereave
My fortune of her quiet: I am I:
But a fine fellow, in my fantaſie,
Is a great trouble: trouble me not then,
For a fine fellow is a fine foole mongſt men.

To Chreſtina. 39.

I told Chriſtina I would lie with her,
When ſhe with an old phraſe doth me adviſe
To keepe my ſelfe from water and from fier,
And ſhe would keepe me from betwixt her thighs:
That there is water I doe make no doubt,
But I'le be loth (wench) to be fired out.

Of Nævia. 40.

Nævia is one while of the Innes of Court,
Toyling in Brooke, Fitzherbert and in Dyer:
Another while th'Exchange he doth reſort,
Moyling as faſt, a ſeller and a buyer.
Will not he thrive (think yee) who can deviſe
Thus to unite the law and merchandiſe?
Doubtleſſe he will, or coſen out of doubt:
What matter's that? the law will beare him out.

Of the ſame. 41.

Nævia's a merchant, and a gentleman;
That is, ſcarce honeſt, live he how he can.

Of the ſame. 42.

Pardon me (reader): I will not bewray
Who Nævia is: not that I feare to ſay
But that he ſhould be puniſhd I am loth
For engroſſing occupations as he doth.
He is a lawyer, and a merchant to,
And ſhortly will, I doubt, have more to do:
He is a buſie fellow, and may be
A knave promoter for his honeſty.

Of Clodius. 43.

Clodius, me thinks, lookes paſſing big of late
With Dunſton's browes, and Allens Cutlacks gate.
What humours have poſſeſt him ſo, I wonder?
His eyes are lightning, and his words are thunder.
What meanes the bragart by his alteration?
He knows he's known too wel for this fond faſhion
To cauſe him to be feared: what meanes he than?
Belike, becauſe he cannot play the man,
Yet would be awde, he keepes this filthy revell,
Stalking and roaring like to Job's great devill.

Of Phrix. 44.

Phrix hath a noſe: who doubts what ech man knows?
But what hath Phrix know-worth beſides his noſe?

In Zelotypum. 45.

Thy wife ſo nymph-like ſitting at the board,
Why frown'ſt thou that I look on her? good Lord!
What ſinne i'ſt to looke on a pretty laſſe?
We look on heaven, the ſun and moons bright face.
Would'ſt have me turne away, as I did ſee
Some filthy ſlut, or lewd deformity?
Why jealouſie her ſelfe may ſuffer ſight:
Sight cannot cuckold thee, nor do thee ſpight.
If thow'lt not have her look'd on by thy gueſts,
Bid none but harpers hence-forth to thy feaſts.

To Gellia. 46.

The world finds fault with Gellia, for ſhe loves
A ſkip-jack fidler: I hold her excus'd

For loving him, ſith ſhe her ſelfe ſo proves.
What! ſhe a fidler? but ſhe is abus'd.
No, in good faith: What fidle hath ſhe us'd?
The *Viole Digambo* is her beſt content,
For twixt her legs ſhe holds her inſtrument.

To the Reader. 47.

Excuſe me (reader) though I now and than,
In ſome light lines, doe ſhew myſelfe a man,
Nor be ſo ſower ſome wanton words to blame:
They are the language of an epigrame.

To Lydia. 48.

(Lydia) ſo mote I thee, thou art not faire,
A plaine brownetta when thou art at beſt;
Yet darſt thou not come forth into the ayre,
When no wind ſtirres and ſunne's hid in the weſt,
But maſk'd forſooth. I prethy what's the reaſon
That having (God he knowes) no faire to looſe,
Thou hid'ſt that pitteous *None* ſo out of ſeaſon?
Oh! th'art a mummer, and perhaps doſt chooſe
A faire calme even as fitteſt for thy gaine:
Sayeſt thou me ſo? nay then, we'le have about.
Come, trip the dice: have at your box (*madame*);
Ile caſt at all, for ſure I goe not out.
Nothing but mum? nay then, we are agreed:
Be I well chanc'd, my chance may be to ſpeed.

To Cotta. 49.

Be not wrath, Cotta, that I not ſalute thee:
I us'd whilſt I worthy did repute thee;

Now thou art made a painted ſaint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit idolatry.

To Women. 50.

Yee that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong-leſſon without ditty.

Of Chreſtina. 51.

Talke bawdery and Chreſtina ſpets and ſpals,
So much her chaſt thoughts hate it: tut! that's falſe;
She loves it well. Wherfore then ſhould ſhe ſpet?
Her teeth doe water but to heare of it.

To Panſa. 52.

Fine ſpruce young Panſa's growne a malcontent,
A mighty malcontent, though young and ſpruce:
As hereſie he ſhuns all merriment,
And turn'd good husband puts forth ſighs to uſe.
Like hate-man Timon in his cell he ſits,
Miſted with darkneſs like a ſmoaky roome,
And if he be ſo mad to walke the ſtreetes,
To his ſights life his hat becomes a toombe.
What is the cauſe of this melancholly?
His father's dead? no, ſuch newes revives him.
Wants he a whore? nor that. Loves he? that's folly.
Mount his high thoughts? oh, no. Then, what grieves him?
Laſt night which did our Ins of court men call
In ſilken ſutes, like gawdy butterflies
To paint the torch-like ſommer of the hall,
And ſhew good legs, ſpite of ſlops-ſmothering thies,
He, paſſing from his chamber through the court,
Did ſpoile a paire of new white pumps with durt.

Of Cornelius. 53.

See you him yonder who ſits o're the ſtage,
With the tobacco-pipe now at his mouth?
It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,
Who is new printed to this fangled age.
He weares a jerkin cudgeld with gold lace,
A profound ſlop, a hat ſcarce pipkin high;
For boots a paire of dagge caſes; his face
Furr'd with *Cads*-beard, his poynard on his thigh.
He wallows in his walk his ſlop to grace,
Sweares *by the Lord*, daines no ſalutation,
But to ſome jade that's ſick of his owne faſhion,
As *farewell ſweet captaine*, or (*boy*) *come apace.*
Yet this Sir Bevis, or the fayery knight,
Put up the lie becauſe he durſt not fight.

Of Iſſa. 54.

Iſſa from me to a player tooke her way:
No mervaile, for ſhe alwaies lov'd to play.

To Mira. 55.

Many aſke, Mira, why I nam'd thee ſo?
Let them aſke Nature why ſhe fram'd thee ſo.

De Ignoto. 56.

There's an odd fellow (ile not tell his name,
Becauſe from my lines he ſhal get no fame)
Reading my Epigrams bathes every limb
In angry ſweat, ſwearing that I meane him.

Content thyſelfe ; I write of better men :
Thou art no worthy ſubject for my pen.

Of Nigrina. 57.

Why ſhould Nigrina weare her maſk ſo much ?
Her ſkins lawn's not ſo fine ſo ſoone to ſtaine ;
Her tendreſt poultry may endure the touch ;
Her face, face and out-face, the wind againe :
The cherry of her lip's a winter cherry,
Then weather-proof, and needs no maſks defence :
Her cheeks beſt fruit's a black, no mulberry,
But fearleſſe of ſharp guſtes impoveriſhments ;
And to be briefe, ſhe being all plaine Jone,
Why is ſhe maſk'd to keepe that where is none ?
O, ſir ! ſhe's painted, and you know the guiſe :
Pictures are curtaind from the vulger eyes.

Of Drus. 58.

Drus for a cuckold and miſerable's fam'd,
May not he well a hard-head then be nam'd ?

To Mira. 59.

Thou fearſt I love thee, for I praiſe thee ſo :
Should I diſpraiſe thee, what wouldſt feare, I trow ?

De Ignoto. 60.

Yon fellow thinks mine epigrams him meane :
Then, let me write of every bawd and queane.

Of Nigrina. 61.

Painted Nigrina unmaſk'd comes ne're in ſight,
Becauſe light wenches care not for the light.

Of the ſame. 62.

Painted Nigrina with the picture face,
Having no maſke, thinks ſhe's without grace;
So with one caſe ſhe doth another caſe:
Doth not her maſke become her then apace?

Of Baſſus. 63.

Eloquent Baſſus ſpeakes all with a grace,
Not ſo much but good morrow, and good night:
I wonder, when the Somner did him cite
For his ſweet ſinne, how he ſpake in that caſe;
I am ſure he could with no grace well refuſe it,
And worſe, I doubt, with any grace excuſe it.

To Mira. 64.

Thou fear'ſt I am in love with thee (my deare).
I prethy feare not, *It comes with a feare.*

Of Nigrina. 65.

Becauſe Nigrina hath a painted face
Many ſuſpect her to be light and baſe:
I ſee no reaſon to repute her ſuch,
For, out of doubt, ſhe will abide the tuch.

Of Gellia. 66.

Gellia intic'd her good-man to the Citty,
And often threatneth to give him the lurch:
See how this ſweet ſinne makes the ſimpleſt witty.
She (too prophane) whilſt he is at the church,
Ringing the firſt peale at the greateſt bels,
At home will ring all in with ſome one els.

Ad Crocum. 67.

Crocus, thou ſai'ſt that thou do'ſt know more queans
Then many a poore man ears in Autum gleanes:
But Crocus, Crocus, if they all know you,
I feare, i-faith, you have too much to do.

Of Caius. 68.

As Caius walks the ſtreets, if he but heare
A blackman grunt his note, he cries *oh rare!*
He cries oh rare! to heare the Iriſhmen
Cry pippe, fine pippe, with a ſhrill accent, when
He comes at Mercers chappell; and oh rare!
At Ludgate at the priſoners plaine-ſong there:
Oh rare! ſings he to heare a cobler ſing,
Or a waſſaile on twelfe night; or the ring
At cold S. Pancras church, or any thing.
He'le cry oh rare! and ſcratch the elbow too,
To ſee two butchers curres fight: the cuckoo
Will cry oh rare! to ſee the champion bull,
Or the victorious maſtife with crown'd ſkull,
And girlanded with flowers, paſſing along
From Paris garden: he renewes his ſong
To ſee my L. Maiors henchman, or to ſee
(At an old Aldermans bleſt obſequie)
The Hoſpitall boyes in their blew equipage;
Or at a carted bawde, or whore in cage.
He'le cry oh rare! at a Gongfarmers cart,
Oh rare! to heare a ballad or a fart.
Briefly ſo long he hath uſde to cry oh rare!
That now that phraſe is growne thin and thred-bare;

But ſure his wit will be more rare and thin,
If he continue as he doth begin.

To the Reader. 69.

Some daintie eare, like a wax-rubd Citty roome,
Wil haply blame my Muſe for this ſalt rhume,
Thinking her lewd, and too unmaidenly
For dauncing this jigge ſo laſciviouſly ;
But better thoughts, more diſcreet, will excuſe
This quick couranto of my merry Muſe,
And ſay ſhe keeps decorum at the times,
To womens looſe gownes ſuting her looſe rimes :
But I, who beſt her humorous pleaſance know,
Say that this mad wench, when ſhe jeſteth ſo,
Is honeſter then many a ſullen one,
Which being more ſilent thinks worſe, being alone,
Then my quick-ſprighted laſſe can ſpeake ; for who
Knowes not the old ſaid ſaw of the *ſtill ſow ?*

Concluſion to the Reader. 70.

(Reader) when thou haſt read this mad-cap ſtuffe,
Wherein my Muſe ſwaggers, as in her ruffe,
I know theſe orphants ſhal be ſoone renounced
Of every one, and unto death denounced :
I know thow'lt doome them to th'apotheta
To wrap ſope in, and aſſifœtida ;
And juſtly to, for thou canſt not miſuſe
More then I will, theſe baſtards of my Muſe.
I know they are paſſing filthy, ſcurvey lines ;
I know they are rude, harſh, and unſavory rimes,
Fit to wrap playſters and odd unguents in,

Reedifiers of the wracks of ſynne.
Viewing this ſin-drownd world, I purpoſely
Phifick'd my Muſe, that thus unmannerly
She might beray our folly-ſoyled age,
And keepe decorum on a comick ſtage,
Bringing a foule-mouth jeſter, who might ſing
To rogues the ſtory of the louſie King.
I care not what the world doth think, or ſay:
There lies a morral under my leane play,
And like a reſolute epigrammatiſt,
Holding my pen, my rapier, in my fiſt,
I know I ſhall wide-gaping momes convince,
My Muſe, ſo armed, is a careleſſe prince.

S. A.

SATYRE PRELUDIUM.

Fie on theſe Lydian tunes which blunt our ſprights,
And turne our gallants to hermaphrodites!
Give me a Doricke touch, whoſe ſemphony,
And dauncing aire may with affinity
Move our light vaulting ſpirits and capering,
Woo Alexander from lewd banquetting
To armes. Bid Haniball remember Cannas,
And leave Salapian Tamyras embrace.
Hence with theſe fidlers whoſe oyle buttred lines
Are panders unto luſts and food to ſinnes!

Their whimpring ſonnets, puling elegies,
Slaunder the Muſes, make the world deſpiſe
Admired poeſie, marre reſolutions ruffe,
And melt true valour with lewd ballad ſtuffe.
Heere one's elegiack pen patheticall
His parting from his miſtris doth bewaile,
Which when young gallant Mutio hath perus'd,
His valour's creſtfalne, his reſolves abuſd ;
For whatſoe'ere his courage erſt did move,
He'le goe no voyage now to leave his love.
Another with his ſupple paſſion
Meaning to move his pigſney to compaſſion
Makes puiſne Lucius in a ſimpathy
In love with's pibald laundres by and by.
A third, that falls more roundly to his worke,
Meaning to move her were ſhe Jewe or Turke,
Writes perfect *Cat and fidle* wantonly,
Tickling her thoughts with maſking bawdry,
Which read to Captaine Tucca he doth ſweare,
And ſcratch and ſweare, and ſcratch to heare
His owne diſcourſe diſcours'd : and *by the Lord,*
It's paſſing good : oh good ! at every word :
When his cock-ſparrow thoughts to itch begin,
He, with a ſhrug, ſweares 't *a moſt ſweet ſinne.*
Some others Lady Muſe is comicall,
Thalia to the back, nay, back and all ;
And ſhe, with many a ſalt *La volto* jeſt,
Edgeth ſome blunted teeth, and fires the breſt
Of many an old cold grey-beard Cittizen,
Medea like making him young againe ;
Who, comming from the Curtaine, ſneaketh in

To ſome odde garden noted houſe of ſinne.
But, oh worſe yet! for ſome capritcious humor,
Making an iſſue of his ulcerous tumor,
Some prophane Clodian pen, daring diſplay
(Like connicatching) bawdries Orgia,
With the provoſt Martiall ranſacks every roome
Of a vaulting houſe, and ribbald doth preſume
With Midwife Albert, or the womans booke,
To anatomize each corner and fond nooke.
Let Rablais with his durtie mouth diſcourſe,
No longer blush, for they'le write ten times worſe,
And Aretines great wit be blam'd no more;
They'le ſtorie forth the errant arrant whore,
And ſpeaking painters excuſe Titian
For his Joves loves and Elephanticke vaine.
Thus all our Poets, as they had carouſde
A health to Circes, are in hogſties houſde,
Or els transformed to goates, laſciviouſly
Filthing chaſt eares with theyr pens Gonorrhey,
For even the ſtatlieſt and moſt generous,
The heroicke Poeme, is laſcivious,
Which midſt of Mars his field, and hote alarmes,
Will ſing of Cupids chivalrie and armes.
The Satyre onely and Epigramatiſt
(Conciſde Epigrame, and ſharpe Satyriſt)
Keepe diet from this ſurfet of exceſſe,
Tempring themſelves from ſuch licenciousnes.
The bitter cenſures of their critticke ſpleenes
Are antidotes to peſtilentiall ſinnes;
They heale with laſhing, ſeare luxurioufnes:
They are philoſophicke true Cantharides

To vanities dead fleſh. An Epigrame
Is popiſh diſpling rebell fleſh to tame;
A plaine dealing lad that is not afraid
To ſpeake the truth, but calls a jade a jade.
And Mounſieur Guulard was not much too blame,
When he for meat miſtooke an Epigrame;
For though it be no cates, ſharpe ſauce it is
To lickerous vanitie, youths ſweet amiſſe.
But oh! the Satyre hath a nobler vaine:
He's the ſtrappado, rack, and ſome ſuch paine
To baſe lewd vice: the Epigram's Bridewell,
Some whipping cheere; but this is follies hell.
The Epigram's like dwarfe Kings ſcurrill grace,
A Satyre's Cheſter to a painted face:
It is the bone-ach unto lechery,
To Acolaſtus it is beggery:
It is the ſcourge, the Tamberlaine of vice,
The three ſquare Tyborne of impieties.
But to come neere the verſes of our time,
It is (oh ſcurvey) to a Lenten rime!
It is the grand kiſſe to a filthy play,
Tis peoples howts and ſhowts at a pot fray.
Itch farther yet, yet nerer to them; fie!
Their wits have got my Muſe with Tympanie,
And with their looſe tayld penns to let it looſe,
It's like a ſyring to a Hampſhire gooſe.
Theſe critique wits which nettle vanitie
Are better farre then foode to foppery;
And I dare warrant that the hangingſt brow,
The foureſt Stoicke that will ſcarce allow
A riming ſtone upon his fathers grave

(Though he no reaſon have no rime to have)
The ſtricteſt (Plato) that for vertues health
Will baniſh Poets forth his common-wealth,
Will, of the two, affoord the Satyre grace,
Before the whyning love-ſong ſhall have place ;
And by ſo much his night-cap's over awde,
As a Beadle's better ſtates-man then a Bawde.

Explicit the Satyres flouriſh before his fencing.

Alterius qui fert vitia ferendo facit sua.

Satyra Prima.

Shall I ſtill mych in ſilence, and give ayme
To other wits which make court to bright fame ?
A ſchool-boy ſtill, ſhall I lend eare to other,
And myne owne private Muſes muſick ſmother ?
Eſpecially in this ſinne leapered age,
Where every Player Vice comes on the ſtage
Maſkt in a vertuous robe ? and fooles doe ſit
More honored then the Preſter John of wit ?
Where vertue, like a common goſſop, ſhields
Vice with her name, and her defects ore-guilds.
No, no, my Muſe ; be valiant to controule :
Play the ſcold bravely, feare no cucking-ſtoole ;
Begall thy ſpirit, like ſhrill trumpets clangor
Vent forth th'impatience, and allarme thine anger :
Gainſt ſinnes invaſions rende the foggie clowde,

Whoſe al blacke wombe far blacker vice doth ſhrowd.
Tell gyant greatnes a more great did frame
Th'imaginary Coloſſe of the ſame ;
And then expoſtulate why Titus should
Make shewe of Ætnas heat, yet be as cold
As ſnow-drownd Athos in's frozen zeale
Both to religion and his Common-weale ?
Or why should Cælius injure thrift ſo much
As to entitle his extortion ſuch ?
Or deſperat Drus cloke the confuſion
Of heady rage with reſolution ?
Pale trembling Matho dies his milk-ſtaind liver
In colour of a diſcreet counſell-giver,
And coole adviſement ; yet the world doth know
Hee's a rancke coward : but who dares tell him ſo ?
The worlds ſo bad that vertue's over-awde,
And forſt, poore ſoule, to become vices bawde ;
Like the old morrall of the comedie,
Where conſcience favours Lucars harlotry.
In ſpight of valour martiall Anthony
Doth ſacrifice himſelfe to lecherie,
Waſting to ſkin and bones (true map of ruth)
Yet termes it ſolace and a trick of youth.
Oh world ! oh time ! that ever men ſhould be
So blinde beſotted with hipocriſie,
Poyſon to call an wholſome antidote,
And made carouſe the ſame, although they know't !
How now, my Muſe ! this right womans faſhion
To fall from brawling to a blubbering paſſion.
Have done, have done, and to a nimbler key
Set thy winde inſtrument, and ſprightly play.

Thys leaden-heeled paſſion is to[o] dull
To keepe pace with this Satyre-footed gull,
This madcap-world, this whirlygigging age:
Thou muſt have words compact of fire and rage,
Tearms of quick camphire, and ſalt-peeter phraſes,
As in a myne, to blow up the worlds graces,
And blaſt her anticke apiſh complements,
Her jugling tricks and miſts which mock the ſence,
Make Cateline or Alcibiades
To ſeeme a Cato or a Socrates.
This vizar-fac't pole-head diſſimulation,
This parraſite, this guide to reprobation,
This ſquynt-eyed ſlave, which lookes two wayes at once,
This fork't dilemma, oyle of paſſions,
Hath ſo bereyde the world with his foule myre
That naked truth may be ſuſpect a lyer.
For when great Fœlix, paſſing through the ſtreet,
Vayleth his cap to each one he doth meet,
And when no broome-man that will pray for him,
Shall have leſs truage then his bonnets brim,
Who would not thinke him perfect curteſie,
Or the honny-ſuckle of humilitie?
The devill he is as ſoone: he is the devill
Brightly accouſtred to bemiſt his evill:
Like a Swartrutters hoſe his puffe thoughts ſwell
With yeaſtie ambition: Signior Machiavell
Taught him this mumming trick, with curteſie
T'entrench himſelfe in popularitie,
And for a writhen face, and bodies move
Be barricadode in the peoples love.
Yonder comes Clodius: give him the ſalute;

An oylie ſlave: he, angling for repute,
Will gently entertaine thee and prevent
Thy worſe conceit with many a complement;
But turne thy backe, and then he turnes the word:
The foul-mouthed knave wil call thee goodman Tord.
  Nothing but coſſenage doth the world poſſeſſe,
And ſtuffes the large armes of his emptines.
  Make ſute to Fabius for his favour, he
Will ſtraight proteſt of his loves treaſurie:
Beleev'ſt thou him? then, weare a motley coate,
He'll be the firſt man which ſhall cut thy throat.
  Come to the Court, and Balthazar affords
Fountaines of holy and roſe-water words:
Haſt thou need of him, and would'ſt find him kind?
Nay then, goe by; the gentleman is blind.
  Thus all our actions in a ſimpathy
Doe daunce an anticke with hypocriſie,
And motley fac'd diſſimulation
Is crept into our every faſhion,
Whoſe very titles to[o] are diſſembled.
The now all-buttockt and no-bellied
Doublet and hoſe, which I doe revell in,
Was my great grandſires, when he did begin
To wooe my grandame, when hee firſt beſpake her,
And witneſſe to the joynture he did make her.
(Witneſs ſome auntient painted hiſtory
Of Aſſuerus, Haman, Mordoche,
For though ſome gulls me to beleeve are loth,
I know thei'le credite print and painted cloth)
Yet, like th' olde Ballad of the Lord of Lorne,
Whoſe laſt line in King Harries dayes was borne,

It ſtill retaines the title of as new,
And proper faſhion as you ever knew.
All things are different from their outward ſhow:
The very poet, whoſe ſtandiſh doth flow,
With Nectar of Parnaſſus, and his braine
Melts to Caſtalian dew, and ſhowres wits raine,
Yet by his outward countnance doth appeare
To have beene borne in wits dearths deereſt yeere,
So that Zopirus, judging by his face,
Will pronounce Socrates for dull and baſe.
This habite hath falſe larumd-ſeeming wonne
In our affections, that whatſoere is done
Muſt be newe coynd with ſlie deſſemblance ſtamp,
And give a ſunne-shine title to a lampe.
This makes the foiſting travailer to ſweare,
And face out many a lie within the yeere;
And if he have beene an howre or two aboarde
To ſpew a little gall: then, by the Lord,
He hath beene in both the Indias, Eaſt and Weſt,
Talkes of Guiana, China and the reſt;
The Straights of Gibraltare, and Ænian
Are but hard by, no, nor the Magellane:
Mandevile, Candiſh, ſea experienſt Drake
Came never neere him, if he truly crake,
Nor ever durſt come where he layd his head,
For, out of doubt, he hath diſcovered
Some halfe a dozen of th' infinity
Of Anaxarchus worlds. Like foppery
The antiquary would perſwade us to:
He ſhewes a piece of blacke-jack for the ſhooe
Which old Ægeus bequeath'd his valiant ſonne:

A peece of polliſht mother of pearle's the ſpoone
Cupid eate pappe with ; and he hath a dagger
Made of the ſword wherwith great Charles did swagger.
Oh ! that the whip of fooles, great Aretine,
Whoſe words were ſquibs and crackers every line,
Liv'd in our dayes to ſcourge theſe hypocrites,
Whoſe taunts may be like gobblins and sprights,
To haunt theſe wretches forth that little left them
Of ayery wit ; (for all the reſt's bereft them).
Oh ! how the varges from his blacke pen wrung
Would ſauce the idiome of the Engliſh tongue,
Give it a new touch, livelier dialect
To heare this two-neckt gooſe, this falſhood checkt.
Methinks I ſee the pie-bald whoreſone tremble
To heare of Aretine : he doth diſſemble ;
There is no truſt to be had to his quaking.
To him once more, and rouſe him from his ſhaking
Feaver of fained feare : hold, whip and cord !
Muſe, play the beadle, a laſh at every word.
No, no, let be, he's a true coſoner ſtill,
And like the cramp-fiſh darts even through my quil
His ſlie inſinuating poyſonous juice,
And doth the ſame into my ſpirit infuſe :
Me thinks already I applaud my ſelfe
For nettle-ſtinging thus this fayery elfe ;
And though my conſcience ſayes I merit not
Such deere reward, diſſembling yet (God wot)
I hunt for praiſe, and doe the ſame expect.
Hence (crafty enchaunter) welcome baſe neglect.
Scoffes make me know my ſelfe : I muſt not erre :
Better a wretch then a dessembler.

Satyra secunda.

Heere coms a coach: (my lads) let's make a ſtand,
And take a view of blazing ſtarres at hand.
Who's here? who's here? now, truſt me, paſſing faire!
Thai're moſt ſweet ladies: mary, and ſo they are.
Why then, young puiſne, are thou yet to learne
A harper from a ſhilling to diſcerne?
I had thought the laſt maſk which thou caperedſt in
Had catechiz'd thee from this errors ſinne,
Taught thee S. Martins ſtuffe from true gold lace,
And know a perfect from a painted face.
Why, they are idols, puppets, Exchange babies,
And yet (thou foole) tak'ſt them for goodly ladies.
Where are thine eyes? But now I call to mind,
Theſe can bewitch, and ſo have made thee blind:
A compound miſt of May deaw and beane flowre
Doe theſe Acraſias on thine eye lids powre:
Thou art enchaunted (Publius) and haſt neede
Of Hercules, thy reaſon, to be freede.
Consider what a rough worme-eaten table
By well-mix'd colours is made ſaleable;
Or how toad-houſing ſculs, and old ſwart bones
Are grac'd with painted toombs and plated ſtones;
And think withall how ſcoffe-inſpiring faces
From dawbing pencils doe derive their graces;
Their beauties are moſt antient gentlemen,
Fetch'd from the deaw-figs, hens dung, and the beane.
Nay, this doth rather proove them baſtard faires,
For to ſo many fathers they are heires,

Yet their effronted thoughts adulterate
Think the blind world holds them legitimate.
(Madame) you gull your ſelfe, thinking to gull
Young puiſnes eyes with your ore-varniſh'd ſcull;
For now our gallants are ſo cunning growne,
That painted faces are, like pippins, knowne:
They know your ſpirits and your diſtillations
Which make your eies turn diamonds to charm paſſions:
Your ceruſſe now grown ſtale, your ſkaine of silke,
Your philterd waters and your aſſes milke.
They were plaine aſſes if they did not know
Quickſilver, juyce of lemmons, Boras too,
Allom, oyle Tartar, whites of egges and gaules,
Are made the bawds to morphew, ſcurffs and ſcauls.
Then, whats a wench but a quirke, quidlit caſe,
Which makes a painters pallat of her face?
Or would not Cheſter ſweare her downe that ſhee
Lookt like an Elench, logicke ſophiſtrie?
Or like a new ſherifes gate-poſts, whoſe old faces
Are furbiſht over to ſmoothe times diſgraces?
  Then how is man turnd all Pygmalion,
That knowing theſe pictures, yet we doate upon
The painted ſtatues; or what fooles are we
So groſly to commit idolatry!
What! are we Ethnicks that we honour beaſts?
(They are beaſts which paint themſelves) or els papiſts
Whoſe over-fleeting brittle memories
Right worſhipfull intitle images.
But be we anything, theſe wenches know
We are but fooles to be deluded ſo:
Who for deluding us, to plague their ſinne

Are turn'd to counterfeits, which their uncaſde ſkin
Quickly diſcovers, and to ſhadowes too,
For making lovers ſhadowes, as they doo.
Is he not fond, then, which a ſlip receaves
For currant money? She, which thee deceaves
With copper guilt, is but a ſlip, and ſhe
Will one day ſhew thee a touch as ſlippery:
She's counterfait now, and it will goe hard
If e're thou find her currant afterward.
A painted wench is like a whore-houſe ſigne,
The old new ſlurred over; or mixt wine
Sophiſticate to give it hew and taſt;
A dudgin-dagger that's new ſcour'd and glaſt:
Or I could ſute her, were ſhe not prophane,
To a new painted and churchwarden'd fane;
Or generall pardons, which ſpeake glorioufly
Yet keep not touch; or a popiſh jubily.
Thus altering natures ſtamp, they're altered
From their firſt purity, innate maidenhead,
Of ſimple naked honeſty and truth,
And given o're to ſeducing luſt and youth,
Whoſe ſtings when they are blunted, and theſe freede,
Then ſhall they ſee the horror of this deede,
And leaving it, their lothſome playſtered ſkins
Shall ſhew the furrowed rivels of their ſkins.
And now their box complexions are deſpoſed,
Their jaundice looks, and raine-bow like diſcloſed,
Shall ſlander them with sicknes e're their time
For pocket-healths, vaine uſage in their prime.
Then shall their owly conſciences shun light,
And thus like bats shall flutter in the night,

Asham'd that any eye should teſtifie
Their now impoverish'n beauties beggary:
Nay, they ſo far shal be asham'd thereof,
That from themſelves they shall feare cannon ſcoffe,
And hate to ſee themſelves; *all glaſſes break*
By which before they taught their looks to speake,
And parly with their luſts, But I'me a foole
Which talk to deafe eares, and dull ſtocks do ſchoole.
Me thinks the painted Pageants out of ſight:
It's time to end my lecture then. Good night.

Satyra tertia.

Mary and gup! have I then lost my cap?
It shall be a warning for an after clap:
Not that I weigh the tributary due
Of cap and courtship complements, and new
Antike ſalutes: I care not for th'embrace,
The Spanish shrug, kiſſ'd hand, nor cheverell face,
God ſave you, ſir, good ſir, and ſuch like phraſes
Pronounc'd with liſping and affected graces,
Move me no more than t' heare a parrat cry
Her by-roate leſſon of like curteſie;
But this I wonder, that th' art ſo eſtrang'd,
And thy old English looks to outlandish chang'd.
Howſoe're thy ſelfe by English birth art freed
Thou haſt no neede to have thy looks endenized.
With thee I have beene long time well acquainted,
But thoſe beyond-ſea looks have now disjoynted
Our well knit friendship; for whoſe ſake, I doubt,

Th'art quite turn'd Dutch, or ſome outlandish lowt :
Thou haſt cleane forgot thine English tong, and then
Art in no ſtate to ſalute Englishmen :
Or elſe th' haſt had ſome great ſicknes of late,
Whoſe tiranny doth ſo extenuate
Thy fraile remembrance, that thou canſt not claime
Thine old acquaintance, mothers tong, nor name
Given thee in thy baptiſme ; for I cannot, I,
Impute it unto pride, philoſophy,
Having ſo well fore-ſeaſon'd thy minds caſke.
Of gulls and fooles I will no queſtion aſke
Wherfore they looke ſo ſtrange, becauſe I know
They are but poore in wit, though rich in ſhow.
Looke on Panduris, with whom in th' infancy
Of my then greene, now riper, judgement, I
Was well acquainted : he, ſir, will not ſpeake,
Thinking himſelfe the better man belike,
Becauſe his father, with bartring and trucke
Of bad greene-ſicknes wines, hath heapt up muck ;
And for his mother, with her greedy gripes,
Hath out of neats-feet, chitterlings and tripes
Scrapt many a durty pound : this is he
That lookes like Guazzo, or pedant gravitie,
Spits controverſies, prates of Bellarmine,
And yet perhaps nere ſaw of his a line.
Then, there is Cynops, whoſe grandmother ſold
Good ale and wigs, in curteſy growne cold,
Becauſe his father with a coſſening fetch
Purchaſd land for him, which his conſcience ſtretch
Hath almoſt ſworne the whole world, that the man
Is damnd to make his ſonne a gentleman.

With them in ranck La volto Publius,
Who's growne a reveller ridiculous,
And for his dad with chimicke uſurie
Turnd yron to ſterling, droſſe to land and fee,
And got ſo by old horſe-ſhoes that the foole
Enterd himſelfe into the dauncing ſchoole,
Thinks ſcorne to ſpeake, eſpecially now ſince
H' hath beene a player to a Chriſtmas prince.
When theſe and ſuch like doe themſelves eſtrange,
I never muſe at their fantaſticke change,
Becauſe they are Phantaſmas, butterflies,
Inconſtant, but yet witleſſe Mercuries.
I know ſome of their humorous neere of kin,
Which ſcorne to ſpeake to one which hath not bin
In one of theſe laſt voyages; or to one
Which having bin there, yet (though he have none)
Hath not a *Cades*-beard; though I dare ſweare
That many a beardleſſe chin hath marched where
They durſt not for their berds come, thogh they dare
Come where they will not leave theyr beardes one haire.
But I doe wonder what eſtrangeth thee,
New caſt in mold of deepe philoſophy;
Thee, whom that Queene hath taught to moderate
Thy mounting thought, nor to be elevate
With puffingſt fortunes; though (for ought I know)
Thy fortunes are none ſuch to puffe thee ſo.
How, like a muſherom, art thou quickely growne!
I knew thee when thou war'dſt a thred-bare gowne,
Siz'd eighteene pence a weeke, and ſo did I,
As then thou wert faine of my company,
Of mine acquaintance glad: how art thou altred?

Or wherein's thine eſtate ſo bettered?
Thou art growne a ſilken dauncer, and in that,
Turn'd to a caper, ſkipſt from love to hate.
To daunce *Ma piu*, French galliard, or a meaſure:
Dooſt thou eſteeme this cunning ſuch a treaſure?
Never be proud of that, for doſt thou know
That Laureat Batchelor Del Phrygio,
He with a ſpade-beard can full mannerly
Leade the olde meaſures to a company
Of bare-chind boyes, and with his nimble feete
Make our fore-wearied counſellours to ſweat
For envie of his ſtrange actívitie,
Becauſe they cannot do't as well as he.
But then a ſimple reveller thou art more,
Thou haſt ſom doings with the *Prince d' Amore*,
And playd a noble mans part in a play.
Now out upon thee, Fabian, I dare ſay,
If Florus ſhould alledge that cauſe of pride
Hiſſe him thou wouldſt to death for 't; and beſide
Thou mightſt have had ſom doings with that prince
Which would have made thee leſs proude ever ſince.
Yet art thou ſtately, and ſo ſtately to,
That thou forget'ſt thy ſtate, and wilt not know
Them which knowe thee and it: ſo long thou haſt
True follower beene of faſhions, that at laſt
Thou art growne thy ſelfe a faſhion; for to day
Thou art common, popular, in uſe every way
Fitting the various world, but by and by
Thou art diſuſde, growſt ſtale, and too proudly
Wringſt thy ſelfe from the humorous worlds conceit:
Now art thou like the wide breech, doublet ſtrait,

But er't be long thou wilt eſtranged be
Like the French quarter ſlop, or the gorbelly,
The long ſtrockt hoſe, or cloſe Venetian.
Now, fie upon this pride, which makes wiſe men
Looke like expired leaſes : out of doubt,
Thou wert wiſe, but thy leaſe of wit is out.
For ſuch fond toyes thou haſt eſtrangde thy ſelfe
For vaine brave bragardiſme and durtie pelfe,
And yet I thinke thy pelfe with thee 'le diſpence
To kiſſe the Counter ere twill bale thee thence.
  Theſe fooliſh toyes have quite diſparaged
Philoſophy, thy miſtris; and tis ſaid,
Thou art like to Damaſippus, for thy hayre,
Preciſely cut, makes thee philoſopher,
And nothing (God wot) elſe. But what care I?
Why ſhould I reaſon with thy ſurquedry?
I ſmile at thy atturneys ſilken pride,
Tufttaffeta ſtate, and make my Muſe deride,
In theſe her ſcoffing rimes, thy beeing ſtrange,
And have good paſtime at thy motley change.
Prethee be proude ſtill, ſtrange ſtill, ſtately ſtill,
And with thy winde my Muſes organs fill
To ſound an antheme of thy folly foorth :
It wil be merry muſicke, richly worth
The laughing at; for I will play a jigge
And thou ſhalt daunce, my Muſe ſhall play the rig
Once in her dayes, but ſhee ſhall quittance thee,
For thy contemptible inconſtancie.
  Well, if thou wilt ſpeake, ſo, and ſo farewell ;
If not, I thinke thee worſe foole then I'le tell.

Satyra quarta.

What a ſcald humour is this jealous care,
Which turnes a man to a familiare!
See how Trebatio yonder haunts his wife,
And dares not looſe ſight of her for his life:
And now there's one ſpeakes to her: mark his grace;
See how he baſts himſelfe in his owne greace.
Note what a ſquint aſkew he caſts, as he
Already ſaw his heads hornd-armory.
Foule weather jelouſie to a forward ſpring
Makes weeds grow ranke, but ſpoyles a better thing:
Sowes tares (gainſt harveſt) in the fields of love,
And dogged humor Dog-dayes-like doth prove;
Scorching loves glorious world with glowing tong:
A ſerpent by which love to death is ſtung;
A fire to waſt his pleaſant ſommer bowres,
Ruine his manſions, and deface his towres.
Yonder goes Cœlius, playing faſt and looſe
With his wives arme, but not for love, God knowes;
Suſpition is the cauſe ſhe well doth know.
Can ſhe then love him that doth wrong her ſo?
If ſhe refuſe to walke with him, hee'le frowne:
Fore-wearied both they reſt: he on her gowne
Sits for his eaſe; ſhe faith, afrayd in hart
Leaſt ſodainly ſhe ſhould give him the ſtart.
Thus doth he make her priſoner to his feare,
And himſelfe thrall to ſelfe-conſuming care.
A male-kind ſparrow once miſtooke his neſt,
And fled for harbour to faire Livias breaſt:
Her husband caught him with a jealous rage,

Swearing to keepe him priſoner in a cage.
Then a poore flye, dreading no netty ſnare,
Was caught in curled meſhes of her haire,
Humming a ſad note for 's impriſonment,
When the mad beaſt with ruder hands doth rent
That golden fleece for haſt to take the flie,
And ſtraight-wayes at a window gins to prie,
Buſie, ſharp-ſighted blind-man-hob, to know
Whether 'twere male or female taken ſo.
Marke how Severus frigs from roome to roome,
To ſee, and not to ſee his martirdome :
Peeviſh diſeaſe which doth all food diſtaſt,
But what kils health, and that's a pleaſing feaſt :
Like weavers ſhuttles, which runne to and fro,
Rav'ling their owne guts with their running ſo.
He which infects theſe with this lunacy
Is an odd figment jack called Jealouſie :
His head is like a windmils trunk ſo bigge,
Wherein ten thouſand thoughts runne whirlegigge,
Play at barley-breake, and daunce Iriſh hay,
Civill and peacefull like the Centaures fray.
His body is ſo fallen away and leane,
That ſcarce it can his logger-head ſuſtaine :
He hath as many hundred thouſand eyes
As Argus had, like ſtarres plac't in the ſkies ;
Though to no purpoſe, for blinde love can ſee,
Having no eyes, farther then Jealouſie.
Gulfe-breſted is he, ſilent and profound,
Cat-footed for ſlie pace, and without ſound ;
Porpentine backed, for he lies on thornes :
Is it not pitty ſuch a beaſt wants hornes ?

Is it not pitty ſuch a beaſt ſhould ſo
Poſſeſſe mens thoughts and timpanize with woe
Their bigge ſwolne harts? for let Severus heare
A cuckow sing in June, he ſweats for feare;
And coming home he whurries through the house:
Each hole that makes an inmate of a mouse
Is ranſackt by him for the cuckold-maker:
He beates his wife, and mongſt his maides doth ſwagger
T'extort confeſſion from them, who hath beene
Familiar with his wife, wreeking his teene
Upon her ruffes and jewels, burning, tearing,
Flinging and hurling, ſcolding, ſtaring, ſwearing.
Hee's as diſcreet, civill a gentleman
As Harry Peaſecod, or a Bedlam man,
A drunken captaine or a ramping whore,
Or ſwaggering blew-coate at an ale-house doore.
What an infection 's this, which thus doth fire
Mens most discreetest tempers, and doth tire
Their ſoules with furie; and doth make them thirſt
To carouſe bolles of poyſon till they burſt!
Oh! this it is to be too wiſe in ſin,
Too well experienſt and ſkill'd therein.
For falſe ſuſpicion of another is
A ſure condemning of our owne amiſse.
Unleſſe a man have into practiſe brought
The theoricke art of love which Ovid wrote;
Unleſſe his owne lewd life have taught him more
Then Aretines adventurous wandring whore;
Unleſſe he have an antient ſouldiour beene,
Brags of the markes, and ſhewes the ſcarres of ſinne,
How could he be ſo gorgde with loving hate,

As to thinke women ſo inſaciate ?
How could he know their ſtratagems and ſhifts,
Their politicke delayes and wilie drifts ?
No, no ; tis true, he hath beene naught himſelfe,
And lewdnes fathereth this wayward elfe :
Then take this for a maxim, generill rule,
No jealous man but is or knave or foole.

Satyra quinta.

Let me alone, I prethee, in thys Cell ;
Entice me not into the Citties hell :
Tempt me not forth this Eden of content
To taſt of that which I ſhall ſoone repent.
Prethy excuſe me : I am hot alone,
Accompanied with meditation,
And calme content, whoſe taſt more pleaſeth me
Then all the Citties luſhious vanity.
I had rather be encoffin'd in this cheſt
Amongſt theſe bookes and papers, I proteſt,
Then free-booting abroad purchaſe offence,
And ſcandale my calm thoughts with discontents.
Heere I converſe with thoſe diviner spirits,
Whose knowledge and admire the world inherits :
Heere doth the famous profound Stagarite
With Natures miſtick harmony delight
My raviſh'd contemplation : I heere see
The now-old worlds youth in an history :
Heere may I be grave Platos auditor,
And learning of that morrall Lecturer
To temper mine affections, gallantly

Get of my ſelfe a glorious victory.
And then for change, as we delight in change,
(For this my ſtudy is indeede m' Exchange)
Heere may I ſit, yet walke to Weſtminſter
And heare Fitzherbert, Plowden, Brooke and Dier
Canvas a law-case: or, if my diſpose
Perſwade me to a play, I 'le to the Roſe,
Or Curtaine, one of Plautus comedies,
Or the patheticke Spaniards tragedies.
If my deſire doth rather wiſh the fields,
Some ſpeaking painter, ſome poet ſtraitway yeelds
A flower beſpangled walk, where I may heare
Some amorous ſwaine his paſſions declare
To his ſun-burnt love. Thus my books little caſe,
My ſtudy, is mine all, mine every place.
What more variety of pleaſures can
An idle Citty-walke affoord a man?
More troubleſome and tedious, well I know,
T'will be into the peopled ſtreets to goe:
Witnes that hotch-potch of ſo many noyſes,
Black-ſaunts of ſo many ſeverall voyces,
That chaos of rude ſounds, that harmony,
And dyapaſon of harſh Barbary,
Compos'd of ſeverall mouthes, and ſeverall cries
Which to mens eares turne both their tongs and eies.
There ſqueaks a cart-wheel, here a tumbrel rumbles,
Heere ſcolds an old bawd, there a porter grumbles:
Heere two tough car-men combat for the way,
There two for looks begin a coward fray:
Two ſwaggering knaves heere brable for a whore;
There brauls an ale-knight for his fat-grown ſcore.

But oh purgation! you rotten-throated ſlaves
Engarlanded with coney-catching knaves,
Whores, bedles, bawdes, and ſergents filthily
Chaunt Kemps jigge, or the Burgonians tragedy:
But in good time there's one hath nipt a bong.
Farewell, my harts, for he hath marrd the ſong.
Yet might all this, this too bad, be excuſd,
Were not an ethnicke ſoule much more abuſd,
And her ſtill patience choakt by vanitie
With unſufferable inhumanitie:
For whoſe gall is't that would not overflow
To meete in every ſtreete where he ſhall goe
With folly maſkt in divers ſemblances?
The Cittie is the mappe of vanities,
The marte of fooles, the magazin of gulles,
The painters ſhop of antickes. Walke in Poules
And but obſerve the ſundry kindes of ſhapes,
Th' wilt ſweare that London is as rich in apes
As Affricke Tabraca: one wries his face;
This fellows wrie necke is his better grace:
He, coynd in newer mint of faſhion,
With the right Spaniſh ſhrugge ſhewes paſſion:
There comes one in a muffler of Cad'z-beard,
Frowning as he would make the world afeard;
With him a troupe all in gold-dawbed ſutes,
Looking like Talbots, Percies, Montacutes,
As if their very countenaunces would ſweare
The Spanyard ſhould conclude a peace for feare;
But bring them to the charge, then ſee the luck:
Though but a falſe fire, they theyr plumes wil duck.
What marvell ſince life 's ſweete? But ſee yonder

One like the unfrequented theater
Walkes in darke ſilence and vaſt ſolitude,
Suited to thoſe blacke fancies which intrude
Upon poſſeſſion of his troubled breaſt:
But for blacks ſake he would looke like a jeaſt,
For hee 's cleane out of faſhion: what, he?
I thinke the genius of antiquitie
Come to complaine of our varietie
Of tickle faſhions: then you jeſt, I ſee.
Would you needs know? he is a malecontent.
A Papiſt? No; nor yet a Proteſtant,
But a diſcarded intelligencer.
Here 's one lookes like to a king Arthurs fencer,
With his caſe of rapiers, and ſuted in buffe.
Is he not a ſargeant? then ſay's a muffe
For his furrd ſatin cloake; but let him goe;
Meddle not with him; hee 's a ſhrewd fellow.
Oh what a pageant 's this! what foole was I
To leave my ſtudie to ſee vanitie!
But who 's in yonder coach? my lord and foole,
One that for ape-tricks can put Gue to ſchoole:
Heroick ſpirits, true nobilitie,
Which can make choyce of ſuch ſocietie!
He more perfections hath than y' would ſuppoſe:
He hath a wit of waxe, freſh as a roſe;
He playes well on the treble violin;
He ſoothes his lord up in his groſeſt ſin;
At any rimes ſprung from his lordships head,
Such as Elderton would not have fathered,
He cries Oh rare my lord! he can diſcourſe
The ſtory of Don Pacolet and his horſe

(To make my lord laugh) ſweares and jeſt,
And with a ſimile *non plus* the beſt,
Unleſſe, like Pace, his wit be over-awde)
But his beſt part is he 's a perfect bawde.
Rare vertues! Farewell they. But who 's yonder
Deep mouthd hound that bellowes rimes like thunder?
He makes an earthquake throughout Paules church-yard.
Well fare his heart: his larum ſhall be heard.
Oh, he 's a puiſne of the Innes of Court,
Come from th' Univerſity to make ſport
With his friends money heere. But ſee, ſee
Heere comes Don Faſhion, ſpruce formality,
Neat as a merchants ruffe that 's ſet in print,
New halfe-penny, ſkip'd forth his Laundres mint.
Oh brave! what, with a feather in his hat?
He is a dauncer you may ſee by that;
Light heeles, light head, light feather well agree:
Salute him with th' embrace beneath the knee.
I thinke twere better let him paſſe along,
He will ſo dawbe us with his oyly tongue;
For thinking on ſome of his miſtreſſes
We ſhall be curried with the briſke phraſes
And prick-ſong termes he hath premeditate.
Speake to him: woe to us! for we ſhall ha'te.
Then farewell he. But ſoft! whom have we heare?
What brave Saint George, what mounted cavaliere?
He is all court-like; Spaniſh in 's attire;
He hath the right ducke: pray God he be no frier?
Thys is the dictionary of complements,
The barbers mouth of new-ſcrapt eloquence,
Synomicke Tully for varietie,
And Madame Conceits gorgeous gallerie; 11

The exact patterne which Caſtilio
Tooke for 's accompliſh courtier : but ſoft ho !
What needs that bownd, or that curvet (good ſir) ?
There 's ſome ſweet lady, and tis done to her,
That ſhe may ſee his jennets nimble force.
Why, would he have her in love with his horſe ?
Or aymes he at popiſh merrit to make
Her in love with him for his horſes ſake ?
The further that we walke, more vanitie
Preſents itſelfe to proſpect of mine eye :
Here ſweares ſome ſeller, though a known untruth ;
Here his wife 's bated by ſome quick-chapt youth.
There in that window miſtres minkes doth ſtand,
And to ſome copeſmate beckeneth with her hand.
In is he gone ; Saint Venus be his ſpeede,
For ſome great thing muſt be adventured.
There comes a troupe of puiſnes from the play,
Laughing like wanton ſchoole-boyes all the way.
Yon goe a knot to Bloome his Ordinary,
Friends and good fellowes all now : by and by
Thei 'le be by the eares, vie ſtabs, exchange diſgraces,
And bandie daggers at each others faces.
Enough of theſe then, and enough of all :
I may thanke you for this time ſpent ; but call,
Henceforth I 'le keepe my ſtudie, and eſchew
The ſcandall of my thoughts, my follies view.
Now let us home : I'me ſure tis ſupper time :
The horne hath blowne. Have done, my merry rime.

Satyra ſexta.

Oh, that mens thoughts ſhould ſo degenerate,
Being free borne, t' admit a ſlaviſh ſtate !

They diſclaime Natures manumiſſion,
Making themſelves bond to opinion,
Whoſe galley-ſlaves they are, toſt on the ſea
Of vulgar humors, which doth rage and play
According as the various breath of change
Calmes or perturbs her ſmooth brow. Is 't not ſtrang
That heav'n bred ſoules, diſcended from above,
Should brooke ſuch baſe ſubjection? feare reproofe
From her cold northerne gales, or els be merry
When her Favonian praiſe breathes a ſweet perry.
(R[e]aſon) thou art the ſoules bright genius,
Sent downe from Joves throne to ſafe conduct us
In this lifes intricate Dædalian maze:
How art thou buffuld! how comes this diſgrace,
That by opinion thou art bearded ſo,
Thy ſlave, thy ſhadow; nay, out-bearded too?
She, earth-worme, doth derive her pedegree
From bodies durt and ſenſualitie,
And marſhald in degree fitting her birth
Is but a dwarffe, or jeſter to make mirth.
Thou the ſoules bodies queenes allie moſt neere,
The firſt prince of her blood, and chiefeſt peere,
Nay, her protector in nonage, whilſt ſhe
Lives in this bodies weake minoritie,
Are yet kept under by that underling,
That dreame, that breath, nay, that indeed *Nothing.*
The ale-houſe Ethicks, the worlds upſide downe
Is verified: the prince now ſerves the clowne.
If reaſon bandy with opinion,
Opinion winnes in the concluſion;
For if a man be once opinionate,
Millions of reaſons nill extenuate

His fore-ceited mallice: conference
Cannot aſſwage opinions inſolence:
But let opinion once lay battery
To reaſons fort, ſhe will turne hereſie,
Or ſuperſtition, wily politiſt,
But ſhe will winne thoſe rampires which reſiſt.
Then ſince ſuch innate diſcord is maintain'd
Twixt reaſon and opinion, what ſtaid-braind,
True, reſolute and philoſophick head
Would by opinion be diſtempered?
Opinion is as various as light change,
Now ſpeaking court-like, friendly, ſtrait-wayes ſtrange:
She 's any humours perfect paraſite,
Diſpleas'd with her, and pleas'd with her delight:
She is the eccho of inconſtancie,
Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.
Then, who would weigh this feather, or reſpect
The fickle cenſure of ſhallow neglect?
Shall grave Lycurgus ſtraite repeale his lawes,
Becauſe ſome cobler finds fault with this clawſe;
Some ale-konner with that? Or ſhall the ſtate
Be ſubject to each baſe-groomes arbitrate?
No; let 's eſteeme Opinion as ſhe is,
Fooles bawble, innovations miſtris,
The Proteus Robin-goodfellow of change,
Smithfield of jaded fancies, and th' Exchange
Of fleeting cenſures, nurſe of hereſie,
Begot by Malice on Inconſtancie:
It 's but the hiſſe of geeſe, the peoples noyſe,
The tongue of humours, and phantaſticke voyce
Of haire-brain'd Apprehenſion: it reſpects
With all due titles, and that due neglects

Even in one inſtant. For in theſe our times
Some of Opinions gulls carpe at the rimes
Of reverend Chaucer: other-ſome do praiſe them,
And unto heav'n with wonders wings do raiſe them.
Some ſay the mark is out of Gowers mouth;
Others he 's better then a trick of youth.
Some blame deep Spencer for his grandam words;
Others proteſt that in them he records
His maiſter-peece of cunning, giving praiſe
And gravity to his profound-prickt layes.
Daniel (as ſome holds) might mount if he liſt,
But others ſay that he 's a Lucaniſt.
Markham is cenſur'd for his want of plot,
Yet others thinke that no deepe ſtayning blot:
As Homer writ his Frogs-fray learnedly,
And Virgil his Gnats unkind Tragedy,
So though his plot be poore, his ſubject 's rich,
And his Muſe ſoares a Falcons gallant pitch.
Drayton 's condemn'd of ſome for imitation,
But others ſay t'was the beſt poets faſhion,
In ſpight of ſicke Opinions crooked doome
Traytor to kingdome mind, true judgments toomb.
Like to a worthy Romaine he hath wonne
A three-fold name affixed to the Sunne,
When he is mounted in the glorious South,
And Drayton 's juſtly ſirnam'd *Golden-mouth.*
The double volum'd Satyre praiſed is,
And lik'd of divers for his rods in piſſe;
Yet other ſome, who would his credite crack
Have clap'd Reactios Action on his back.
Nay, even wits Cæſar, Sidney, for whoſe death
The Fates themſelves lamented Englands ſcath,

And Muſes wept, till of their teares did ſpring
Admiredly a ſecond Caſtal ſpring,
Is not exempt for prophanation,
But cenſur'd for affectation.
Thus doth Opinion play the two-edg'd ſword,
And vulgar judgments both-hand playes afford;
Then, who but fooles, and empty caſke like minds
Would be engroſs'd with ſuch phantaſtique winds?
Let Players, Minſtrels, ſilken Revellers,
Light minded as their parts, their aires, their fethers,
Be ſlaves t' Opinion, when the people ſhoute
At a quaint jeſt, croſſe-poynt, or well touch'd lute,
Let their ſleight frothy minds be bubled up,
And breake againe at a hiſſe, or howt or hup.
Let Caius, when his horſe hath wonne the bell,
Conceive more joy than his dull tongue can tell,
Or let Lycanor feare a tennis ſet
More then his ſoules loſſe, and for it more fret.
Pollio me thinks is going into the towne.
Boy, ſet your maiſters ruffe and bruſh his gowne,
Leaſt ſome ſpruce taylor, ſitting on his ſtall,
Say, there goes a ſloven, careleſſe of all.
Heere comes young Panſa: whether away ſo faſt?
Why, going to the barbers in all haſt.
Thy haire 's all ſhort enough: but I muſt crave
A little labour to be ſmug'd, and have
A bleſſing of roſe-water ere I goe
To ſee ſuch and ſuch ladies; for you know
Thei 'le ſlowt a man behind his backe, if he
Be not trim furbiſh'd and in decencie.
Oh, what a ſlaverie 's this! ſhall a free mind,
Sicke of a Cockneys ague, feare the wind?

No, let 's be ſtoicks, reſolute, and ſpare not
To tell the proudeſt criticke that we care not
For his wooden cenſure, nor to mittigate
The ſharp tart verjuice of his ſnap haunce hate
Would change a line, a word, no, not a poynt
For his deepe mouthed ſcoffes : as ſoone diſjoynt
His grind-jeſt chaps as hurt our credites, who
Are careleſſe of what he can ſay or do.
Oh Epictetus ! perfect libertine,
Who though a ſlave, tyr'd daily in the mine,
Yet haſt as free a ſoule, as free a powre
To calme content as any emperour.
Thou wert no buſie Polypragmons thrall,
No ſlave to cenſures, caring not at all
Which way the vulgar wind ſtood, negligent
Whether the world were angry or content.
Thy vertue-purged ſoule, thy genius,
Made all thine inclinations vertuous,
Which thou didſt follow, careleſſe of th' event,
Or of the worlds applauſe or diſcontent :
True patterne of a philoſophick ſoule,
Not ſubject to mechanick mates controule,
Nor puff'd up with the praiſes of each hind,
Which gave a froathy battery to thy mind.
With ſuch reſolve, ſuch perfect temperature,
Should a Socratique mind her thoughts aſſure ;
And as he taught young Alcibiades
Audacity to pleade, and to deſpiſe
The popular ſcarcrow eſtimation,
For that ſuch bodies compoſition
Conſiſted but of brokers, coblers, ſlaves,
Black-men, trap-makers, and ſuch kind of knaves,

Whoſe many headed doomes he never weighd,
Nor of their giddy union was afraid;
So let all others care for vulgar breath,
Which neither can preſerve nor plague with death,
(Unleſſe their ſent of garlike poyſon us)
Should I take it at hart, or for hainous,
To heare ſome prentize, or ſome players boy,
Hath jeſted at my Muſe, and ſcoff'd my joy.
Or that ſome chaundler ſtopt a muſtard pot,
Or wrap'd ſoape in ſome leaves, her petticoate:
Or perfum'd courtiour, in a peeviſh ſcorne,
Some pages thereof tyrant-like hath torne
To ſcavenger his backe dore from the durt:
Which if he do (though me it ſhall not hurt)
May my harſh ſtile (the Muſes I beſeech)
Be but as arſe-ſmart to his tickled breech.
Or ſhall I thinke my ſelfe t' have better hap,
If that ſome weevil, mault-worme, barly-cap,
Hearing my lines, halfe-ſnorting ore his kanne,
Sweares them for good, and me a proper man?
Or ſhall I waxe proude if ſome pedant daigne
The epithete of *pretty* for my paine?
The pox I will as ſoone:—let others care,
Ile play the gallant, I, the cavaleire:
Once in my dayes Ile weene and over-weene,
And cry, a *fico* for the criticke ſpleene!
For let them praiſe them, or their praiſe deny,
My lines are ſtill themſelves, and ſo am I.

FINIS.

BLUE
PR
2283
.G7
S5
1867
C.1

H117241

7001

F. S. L.
Dupl.